

This is not a dream... by PeculiarGlitteryNargles

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Fluff, Love, Mileven, Season 2, after closing the gate, slight angst, snuggle

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Eleven and Hopper come back from the lab. Eleven is exhausted and she and Mike get some time to themselves.

This is not a dream...

Mike is sitting on the porch of the Dyers' house, he's waiting for El and Jim to come back. He is shaking, not from the cold but from anxiety.

He shouldn't have let El go. He had just gotten her back. He rested his head on his knees. She was so brave to go and close that stupid gate, to save her friends. But that's how Mike lost her 353 days ago. He couldn't bear to relive that.

He closes his eyes and thinks back to the moment she stepped into the house. She looked so different, yet exactly the same. Her hair had grown a lot. She got a little taller, but her face, her eyes...were still the same. Pretty.

He hears the engine of a car approaching. He lifts head, his eyes filled with hope. It's them. Mike jumps up. Hopper is driving and next to him is El, she looks exhausted, her eyes are closed and she's leaning her head against the car door, her upper lip looks stained with blood but she is here. She is alive.

Hopper carries El into the house, ignoring Mike's concerned questions.

She opens her eyes, Jim is carrying her, she can hear Mike's voice next to them.

"Mike?" She says. Everything stops.

"El. I'm here." She feels a warm hand slipping into her own. She lifts her head and looks around. She is at Will's house. She is safe. Hopper lets her get to her feet slowly, and Mike offers his shoulder for her to lean on. He's warm. She sinks into the soft couch. Mike is always beside her, watching her every move.

"It's done." She lets out quietly. It's all she can think of now. Her head falls on Mike's shoulder and his arms immediately go around her shaking body, protectively.

The others have gone to the kitchen to let El rest.

"I'm proud of you, El." Mike says and gives her a soft kiss on the head. She looks up fondly.

"I'm happy to be home. Finally home." She says and sighs.

Mike gently lays down, head on pillow, tucking El in-between his protecting body and the back of the couch. His arms are still around her. She looks up at him gratefully and buries her face in the crook of his neck. Mike feels her body relaxing and her breathing slowing

down. After a while of just watching her sleep, making sure she wasn't having any nightmares, he closes his eyes and drifts into the best sleep in 353 days.

Joyce and Nancy are the firsts who see them. They step into the living room to check on El, and find her and Mike huddled together on the couch. Eleven has the shadow of a smile on her face and Mike's arms are around her, protecting her small body.

Nancy grins, happy that her brother might turn "normal" again. She thinks of everything that happened to him in this year, it was all because of her, because he had missed her.

Joyce grabs a blanket from her room and covers their sleeping bodies with it, before dragging Nancy back into the kitchen.

The next morning Mike wakes up first. He doesn't dare to move to let El sleep. He shifts his head to get a good look at her face. It is resting on his chest now, he can feel her steady breathing on his collarbone. He raises his head and kisses her head again.

This is El. She is here and this is not a dream.